



LEHIGH 05+ BACHELOR



MASSACHUSETTS STATE

XSB2C-1—It's the Navy's new dive-bombing sensation—Test Pilot Bill Ward at the stick



HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive straight down from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill (*left, above*) smoking his (*and the Navy man's*) favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

"YOUR EARS CRACKLE and pop. You think," says Bill, "the whole world's trying to squeeze the daylights out of you. You think maybe they *have*, if things go a little foggy or dark when you're pulling out of your dive." After a ride like that, a Camel tastes mighty welcome.

NOTHING COMES EVEN CLOSE TO
CAMELS WITH ME. THEY'RE **MILDER** BY FAR.
AND, MAN, WHAT A SWELL **FLAVOR**

The smoke of slower-burning
Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests of the smoke itself!

BY BURNING 25%
SLOWER than the aver-
age of the 4 other largest-
selling brands tested—
slower than any of them—
Camels also give you
a smoking *plus* equal,
on the average, to

5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



Test Pilot Bill Ward shares the Navy
man's preference for the cigarette
of costlier tobaccos... Camel



CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

SPEAKING of tests, Bill Ward adds: "Those recent laboratory tests showing less nicotine in the smoke of Camels only go to prove what I've always found in my smoking—Camels are milder in lots of ways. That's what counts with me."

Light up a Camel yourself. You'll know in the first few flavorful puffs why, with men in the service*... with the millions behind them... it's Camels. (*Based on actual sales records in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.)

"To Hell With Lafayette"

LEHIGH Bachelor

Volume 2, Number 3

November, 1941

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TO
HELL
WITH
LAFAYETTE

MORGUE NOTES

... Excerpts concerning former Lehigh-Lafayette games; found among old B & W's somewhere in the Library.

FOOTBALL	
Lafayette vs. Lehigh	
Saturday, October 31, 1885	
at 3 P. M.	
on the grounds of the	
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION	
S. Bethlehem, Pa.	
ADMISSION	25 CENTS

November, '04

"Lafayette administered a crushing defeat to Lehigh in two 35 minute periods to the tune of 28-0. This is our second defeat by Lafayette in a number of years and its novelty no doubt lends a spice to the game in the eyes of the Easton men."



November 24, '02

"The great game is over and won, and the score is six to nothing. Say it over to yourself, slowly and gently lest you awake and find it is all a dream. Six to nothing and Lehigh wins."



November 20, '08

"To put the men in better spirits for tomorrow's game the entire squad of twenty were sent to the Orpheum this afternoon."



November 27, '17

Running, dodging, and plunging their way up and down Taylor Field, on Saturday last, for touchdown after touchdown, Coach Keady's well prepared Brown and White team trampled the Maroon and White colors of Lafayette underfoot, completely oustressing the Easton collegians in one of the most remarkable games seen in a quarter of a century, and winning by the score of 78-0."

November 25, '24

"It was a "wet" crowd that watched the Lehigh—Lafayette contest last Saturday."



November 7, '25

"Some students are so optimistic about the Lafayette game that they are already planning how to spend the extra holiday which they will get on the following Monday."

"At the entrance to the Campus, the guards, the majority armed with rifles, halted all cars and required the occupants to give definite identification before the barriers were removed and the cars permitted to drive on. Thus the white paint splashing of last Tuesday night by the Lafayette students was stopped."

"The Lehigh Six played several popular college songs in which the entire group joined to sing. The smokes for the evening were donated by the Reynolds Tobacco Company, who manufactures the well known Camels. The corn-cob pipes were the gift of Tom Bass and the song sheets were donated by Silverberg and Golberg."



November 26, '29

"The dream of a decade was realized when the bell in the chapel of Packer Hall tolled out the 13-12 victory over Lafayette. Not since 1918 has the old bell thrilled the hearts of the Lehigh rooters with its message of joy."



November 22, '38

"Six Lehigh students and a former student were arrested by Easton policemen at 4:00 a. m. Saturday morning in Fisher Field at Lafayette when the students were found armed with brushes and a bucket of white wash. This incident occurred twenty-four hours after four Lafayette men landed in the Bethlehem jail for stealing the goal posts from Taylor Stadium."



THE GIRL WHO LOOKED LIKE LANA TURNER

William Shawhan, '44

• Fiction •

YOU know, even after being around Lehigh long enough to have heard all the tales that have been generated around the campus about the ghosts that haunt Packer hall in the dim dark nights after the Math professors have gone to bed—or wherever it is that Math professors go on dim dark nights—the least thing that I would have expected was to meet a girl who looked like Lana Turner in those venerable surroundings. But she did. She was a trifle thinner, a bit blonder, and a little darker under the eyes, but if you wouldn't think she was Lana Turner if you met her on the street, then buddy you don't know Lana.

Not that I do. I'm just a plain ordinary guy named Willie Smith. And I have been in love with Lana Turner ever since she first appeared as the "Sweater Girl." I thought she wore the prettiest sweaters I ever saw.

It seems as how this guy Willie Smith, that's me, was a little gloomy. Now Willie had had all of the little disappointments of life that most guys have met by the time they get to college. He hadn't been a great football player in High School as he had planned on being; he hadn't learned to play the trumpet like Harry James; and a smoother, better-looking guy had stolen his girl in the 8th grade. There had also been the snake who had wolfed his date at the Senior Prom. No girl had ever swooned in Willie's arms like they do over Charles Boyer in the movies, or whispered, "Kiss me again, Willie. I've really got the love for you."

And Willie had stood up under all this pretty well if I do say so myself. But it so happened that Willie was pretty downcast at the moment. Not only had he not won the Freshman Beauty Contest, but he had flunked Math 11 and Dorothy Lamour had refused to send him a picture of herself in her sarong with "Love to Willie" inscribed on her thigh.

Willie didn't commit suicide or go on a bender. He thought both too unrefined. To punish himself and banish his sorrows he gathered up three volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Webster's dictionary, The ROTC *Infantry Manual*, and *Esquire* for October and staggered manfully out of the door in the direction of the Library. In the front hall he recalled a few forgotten ar-

ticles and dashed back up the stairs to procure them. With abandon he entered the room, buckled on his slide-rule, stuck a T-square under his arm and hung a 30-60 degree right triangle over his left ear.

Back downstairs he discovered one of his prize volumes of the *Brittanica* missing. Under his breath Willie cursed the Taylor dorm boys whom he knew to be guilty. He knew he would get his book back, but all of the pictures of Venus would be cut out and hung up with selected Petty and Varga masterpieces. He sighed, hating to see Venus and his *Brittanica* subjected to such maltreatment, but picked up his remaining books and plodded on.

I hope you haven't minded my resorting to third person for the preceding explanation. I don't want to seem sentimental about myself, you know, so I often use that method to keep myself from developing a superiority complex.

To carry on, you inevitably knew that I must pass Packer hall on my way to the Library. Somehow, the twilight gloom lent an air of mystery and enchantment to that old mass of stone, and high above the wind seemed to beckon, beckon me into those depths. (Ed. Sounds like Poe.)

At any rate I heeded the call. For some strange reason the door under the tower was unlocked. Maybe the Newtonians were planning an ice-cream binge that night or something. Something about the dusky shadows inside fascinated me, but I didn't want to bump into one of Professor Jenkins' skeletons in the dark so I stopped at the door and looked in.

I went down on the road by the President's house and swiped a lantern off of a pile of dirt there by a ditch under construction beside the drive. Then like some sneak thief I darted back up the hill.

I hesitated a long moment before entering the building. I knew what the consequences would be if I were caught, but gathering up my best devil-may-care attitude I stepped inside and lighted the lantern. Keeping the light pretty well covered, I went on, exploring. For some reason I'll never know, I was still clutching a volume of the *Brittanica* and the T-square under my arm. The 30-60 degree right triangle dangled entrancingly from my ear.



IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

It was evident that some dire calamity had fallen upon the campus. This was reflected in the sober faces of those students who hadn't quit when the great majority began transferring to different colleges.

It had been a terrible week. No one had anything to talk about but their studies. And here it is, Saturday afternoon, and where is everybody rushing to? Wrong. They're headed for the library. There isn't a soul at the football games since *De-emphasis* has been put into effect.

ARMANDO
CHAMPION
SHARPSHOOTER

He couldn't take a full-time job. He was marching in unemployment parades during the morning.

Jackson: You seldom see such beautiful golf as that man plays. His drives were corking, his approaches superb, and he never missed a putt.

Haines: How much were you beaten by?

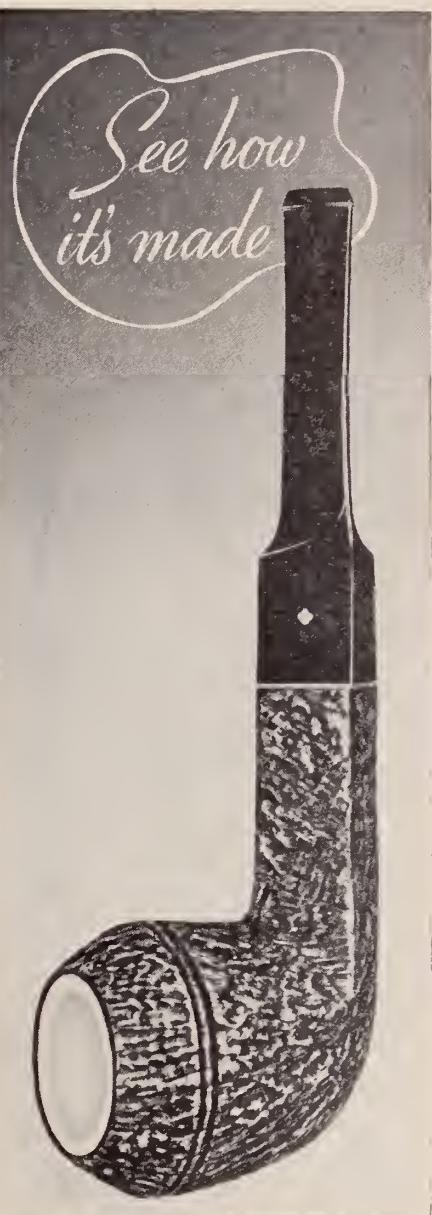
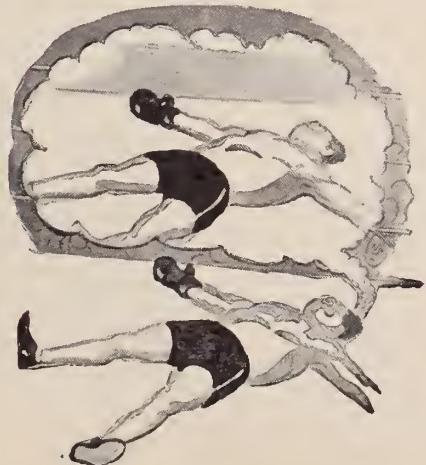
Jackson: Why, I won.

The headlights were so dim even the moths had to use flashlights to find them.

The car has a built-in radio so you can't hear the motor knocking.

Spiritualist (to wife): May I help you with your rap, dear?

ARMANDO
CHAMPION
SHARPSHOOTER



Shellcraft KAYWOODIE \$5

The Shellcraft's outer bowl is imported briar, sandblasted. The softer parts of the briar have been blown away—the *hard* graining remains, standing out in bold relief. This heat and sand treatment increases the natural porosity of the briar, reduces the weight of the pipe. Then this unusually porous, rugged outer bowl is fitted with an inner bowl of fine Meerschaum, one of the coolest and lightest smoking materials known to pipe making. Result: your Shellcraft Kaywoodie is extraordinarily light in weight—and cool smoking from the first puff.

Here you see a giant imported briar burl cut in cross section to show the "prime cut" segment from which Kaywoodie pipes are made. Only this prime cut produces pipes with the sweet-smoking qualities of Kaywoodie pipes.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY

New York and London [In New York
630 Fifth Ave.]

© 1941, KAYWOODIE CO.



Bob was handsome, Bob was tall,
Bestowed with Nature's favors.
But here's his sweetest point of all—
He always had Life Savers.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, or smoking.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

SUCCESS STORY

He was the smartest individual in the entire school, but his name was never mentioned in the paper. He took honors in politics, but no one even thought of having him run for office.

Then, one day, someone noticed he was a good athlete and tipped off the coach.

Things are entirely different now. His name is all over the paper. Of course, he isn't as good a student. In fact, he's flunked a couple of subjects, but he's his class president, too.

LEG MAN

I'm a leg man. That doesn't mean I sell legs. False or otherwise. It means I'm a scribe. Scribes are halfwits. Who work. On college papers. Or sheets. Or rags. Or what have you. I'm open. Bid! Leg men write. Dribble. Dirt. Politics. Dirt. Politics. What's the difference? I write. Anything. I don't cover. The waterfront. I cover. A seat. In Muggy's. That's a coke joint. I heard. All news. Comes. To him who waits. So I wait. But. I'm being comfortable. About it. Someday. I'll get a scoop. Some long hairs think. A scoop. Is a fistfull. Of ice cream. A scoop. Is a neat story. I know. A neat story. But I could be. Censored. For it. Years ago. When I was a soph. I wrote. Stories on my cuffs.

I used white cuffs. I picked up. A story. Not a Susie. My roomie. Sent. My shirt out. No story. That hurt. Years ago. When I was a soph. I'd do anything. For the paper.

One day the paper. Was short of paper. They sent me down.

To the press room. And printers ran me through. The press twice.

Once on each side. I was a mess. But. I was a walking paper.

Students. Followed me. For a week. To read items. I had a large dairy ad. On my vertebrae. When I shagged. At tea dances. The ad changed. To malted milk. Years ago. When I was a soph. I wrote a lead. About our Dean.

I read copy. On my lead. I read proof. On my lead. The Dean read. My lead. And left town. We haven't seen him since.

I'm a leg man. Only the best come to Muggy's. You ought to see.

These '44 coeds. Sometimes it's nice. Being. A leg man.



"Don't bother reading the chart, Griffin,—I just burped!"

SALMAGUNDIE

Earle W. Wallick, '44

• Quips •

'Twas the Night Before

The night air was cold and crisp, a deathly silence was in the air that could only spell trouble. Lehigh was asleep full of pleasant dreams and hopes for the great contest on the morrow. But they would not have rested quite so easily had they been able to see what was lurking in the deep, black shadows of Taylor Stadium—a band of Lafayette's toughest and most bloodthirsty students was stealthily approaching the main entrance to Lehigh's football field. One by one, these black forms sealed the wall and entered, unmolested, dragging after them an ominous-looking bundle of logs. Onto the field they crept and silently placed their load to rest in the black emptiness that was to be the scene of a great football game only a few hours hence. They carried wood high into the stands and placed it in a pile. Glancing at one another with a look of contentment and expectancy they scarcely dared to breathe. The leader of the group drew a pack of matches from his hip pocket and suddenly lit the pile with a great shout "Get more wood, keep this fire going." Soon the stadium was alive with light. The goal post's shadows danced on the grass. This fire on the concrete seats was wending its way skyward as the Lafayette boys breathed a sigh of relief and murmured, "Ahh, thank God, tomorrow, at least our seats won't be frozen numb by icy concrete!"

●

Interview

RO Quadowitz, ace reporter, visits Easton, home of Lafayette.

He interviews:

The Man on the Street

RO: How long have you lived in Easton.

Man on TS: 36 yrs, 7 mos, 13 Days, 18 hrs and ten minutes.

RO: Do you know anything about Lafayette College?

Man on TS: Where is it?

RO: What?

Man on TS: Lafayette college.

RO: Never heard of it.

The Woman on the Street

RO: What's your name Miss?

WOTS: Do you go to Lafayette?

RO: Nope ! ! ! !

WOTS: Aggie-Baggie 13 Elm Street, Telephone:

5-2345

RO: Do you know any Lafayette Men?

WOTS: That's you opinion.

Typical Lafayette Alumnus

RO: (Yelling loudly to overcome the pick and shovel noises) You down there: did you graduate from Lafayette?

TLA: (Laying down shovel, as soon as foreman is out of sight) Ya, ich bin alumnus.

RO: As an employed alumnus do you consider your education worthwhile.

TLA: Oh Ya das football coach, er war goot to me. Er meet me at boat from faterland, unt gibt me 6 yar free room. I like college.

RO: Oh, you played football?

TLA: 6 yar.

RO: Why did you quit the team

TLA: Got better job!

A Lafayette Frosh

RO: I see you are of the class of 45.

LF: What's it to you?

RO: Where did you go to prep school?

LF: Didn't, I play football.

RO: How do you like the buildings and campus?

LF: Don't know, ask me next week, we always make an excursion thru the campus right after the Lehigh game.

The Lafayette Senior

RO: And how long have you been here?

LS: Just fine, and you?

RO: Do you like it here?

LS: Who put the overalls in Mrs. M.'s chowder.

RO: Nutz! ! !

LS: See your dentist twice a year.

The Lafayette Professor

RO: I suppose you lecture to many classes a day?

LP: He comes to class nearly every day.

RO: Who?

LP: Our student not majoring in Phys. Ed.

While leaving the campus RO overheard two Lafayette men meeting on the campus.

Student one: Hello Joe. Where you going?

Student two: How'd you know my name was Joe?

Student one: I just guessed it?

Student two: Then guess where I'm going.

It was with great reluctance that RO bid a fond farewell to this dreaming, peaceful land of imbeciles.

Demolay

ONE of the latest innovations at Lehigh, although similar organizations are firmly established at other schools, is the DeMolay date bureau. This handy service for social aspirants will for a nominal fee arrange an evening with one of its 100 female registrants from Allentown Nurses college, St. Lukes Nurses college, and Moravian College for Women.

Desiring to give Lehigh a picture feature of just went on, our ace photographer followed George the Frosh through an evening with a blind, DeMolay-arranged date.

George arrived promptly on time. His date was too preoccupied with sizing up her companion for the evening to be too startled by George's car—one of Ford's earlier, experimental models.

George ventured the not-too-original, but safe, suggestion of a movie. They discussed the pictures showing in town for a few minutes. Both agreed they liked Ida Lupino—so they saw "Ladies in Retirement." George didn't tell his date he had seen the show that afternoon.

Two hours passed — the acquaintanceship was becoming a friendship. They crossed the street for a drink and some dancing. They pledged a toast to the evening.



Blind Date

(Photos by Myron A. Buchman)

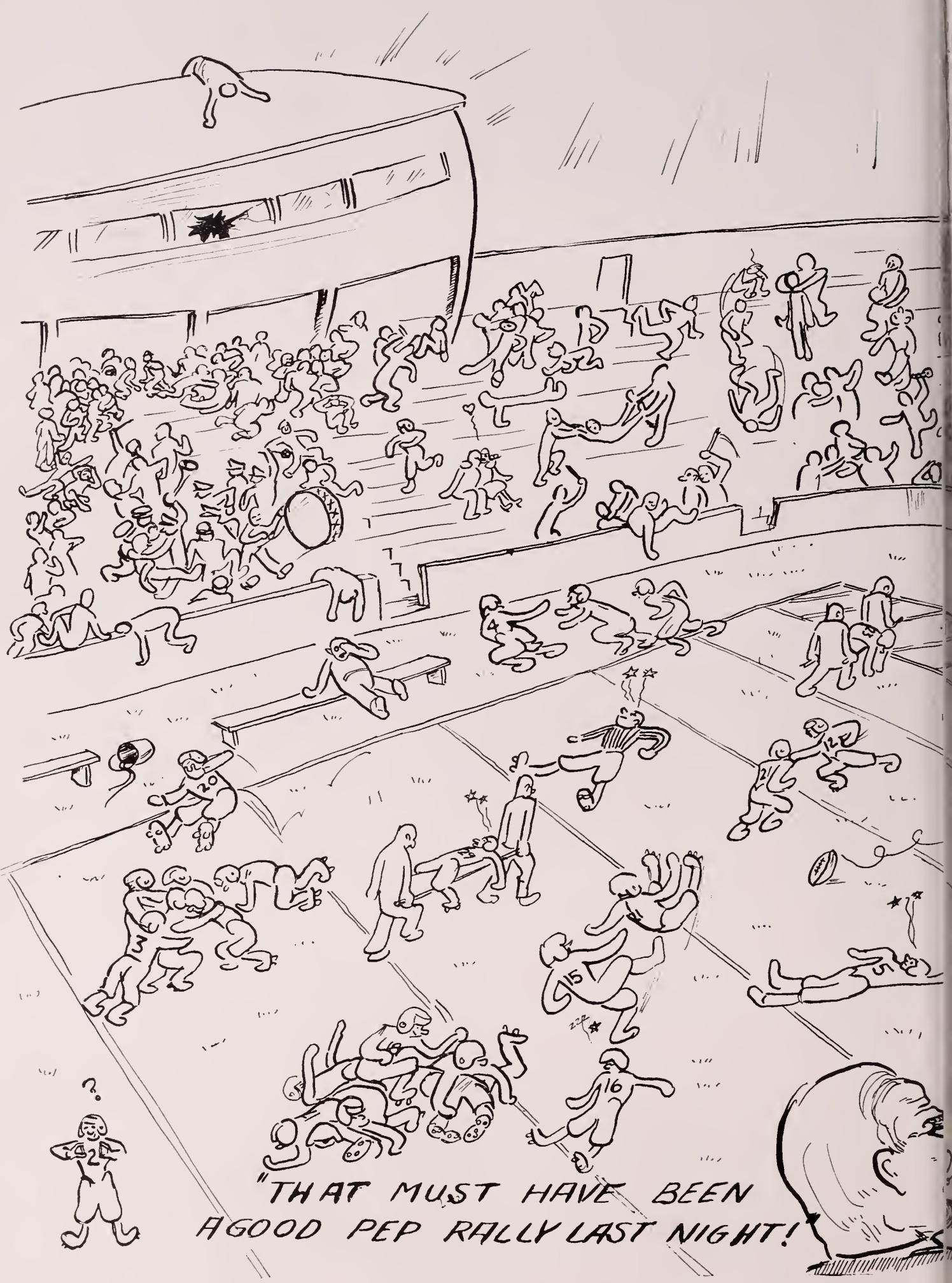
Later George suggested the view from the Lookout. She agreed. They viewed the colored mosaic of the Valley for several minutes. She said it was pretty but my wasn't it chilly.

George tried to do something about the evening chill. He suggested a stroll and asked if she had ever seen Washington rock. She hadn't. They strolled for awhile.

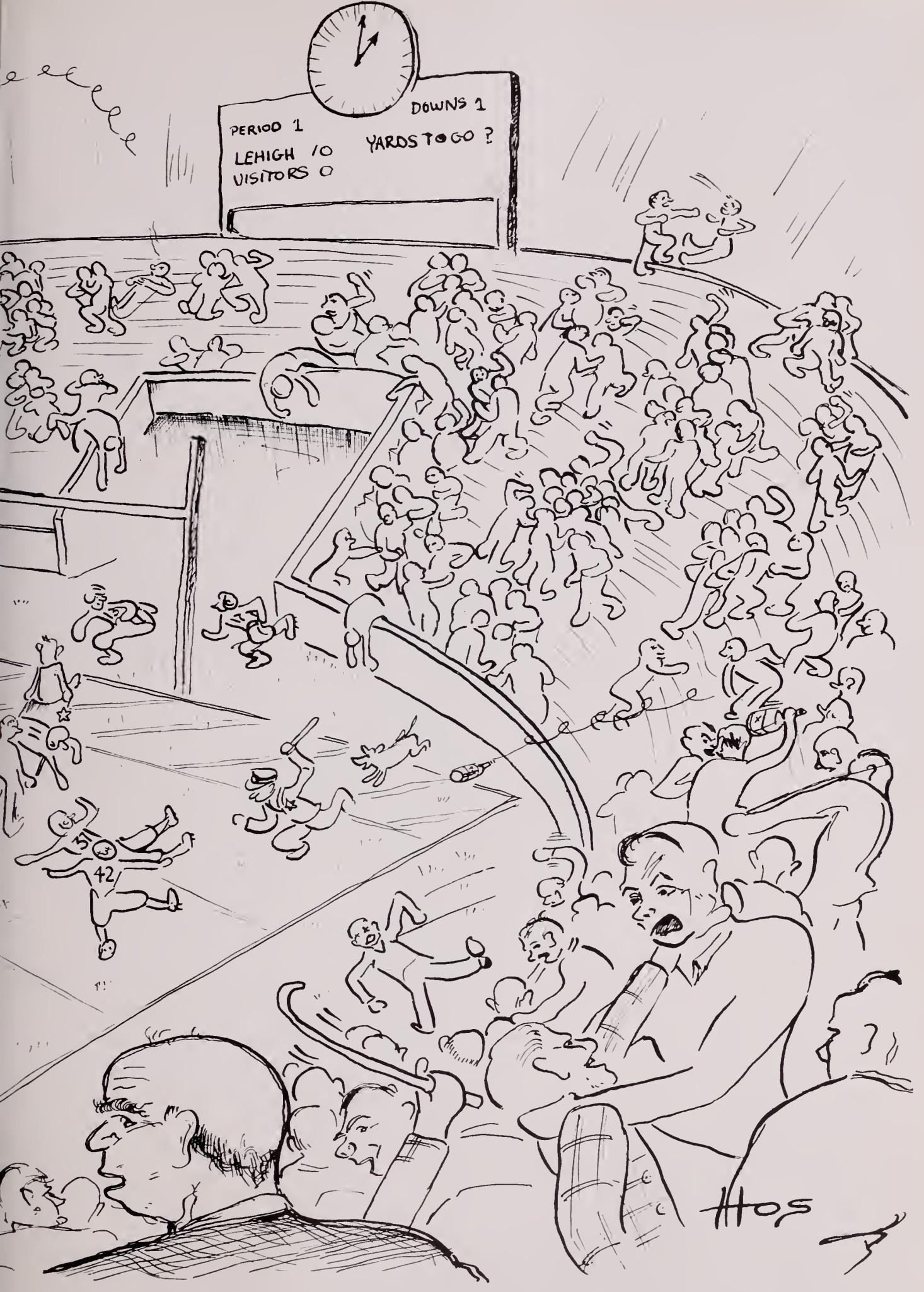
The date said it was getting late and she really had to get back or she would be campused. They returned to the car. On the way back George made some very definite commitments concerning his future social activities.

Finally it was time to say good night with one minute to spare. She lingered at the door. He said well, so long until Saturday night. She went in. The Ford rattled off into the November night.





"THAT MUST HAVE BEEN
A GOOD PEP RALLY LAST NIGHT!"



South Mountain Sideglances

"Looey" Forsyth gives a squad the "Lehigh once over."

This delightful scene portrays the rhythmic motions of an A-1 squad completing the maneuver of *right shoulder arms*.

These nasty freshmen are being penalized for infractions of the freshman regulations. Cyanide put them through their paces between the halves of the Muhlenberg game.

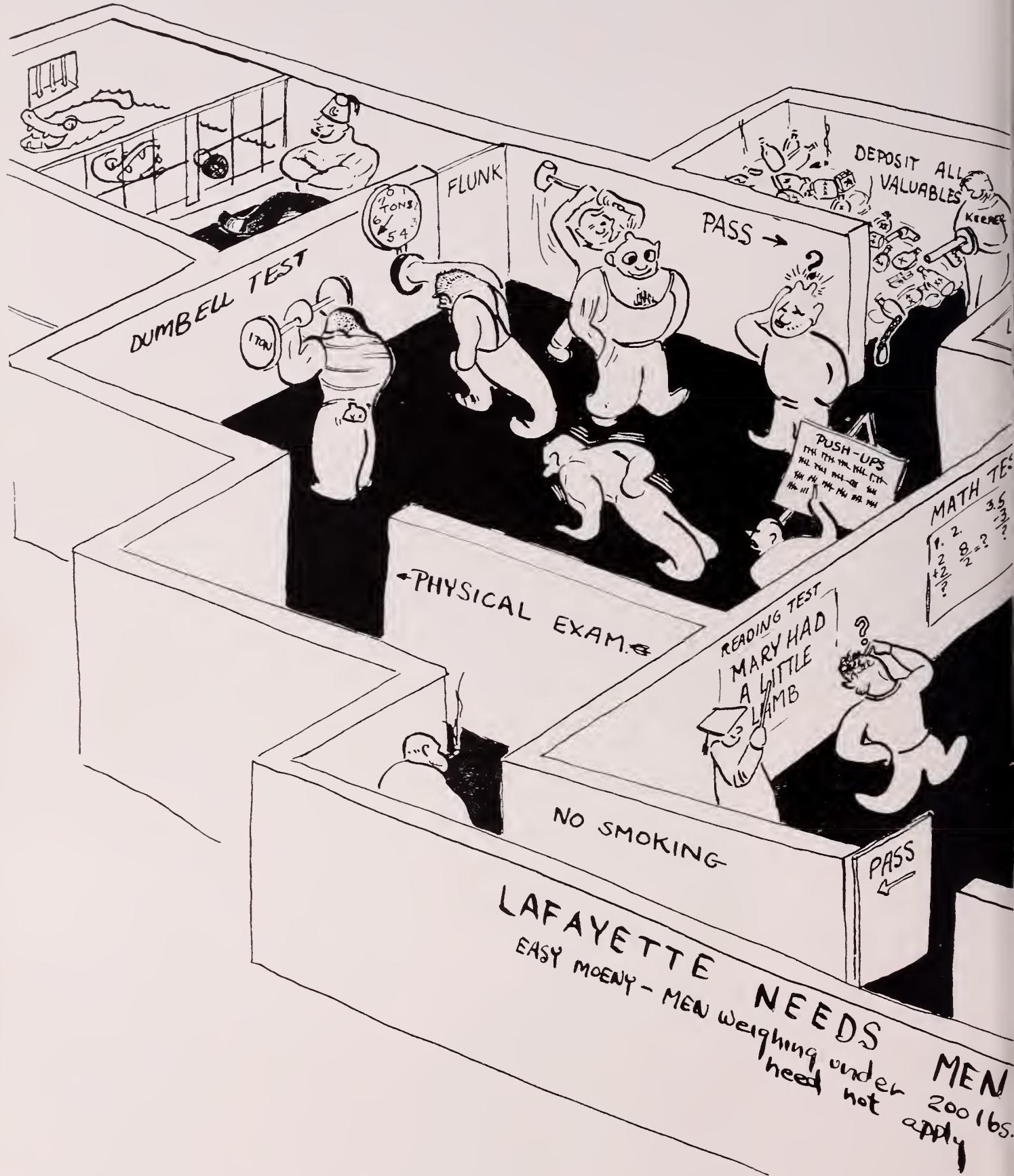


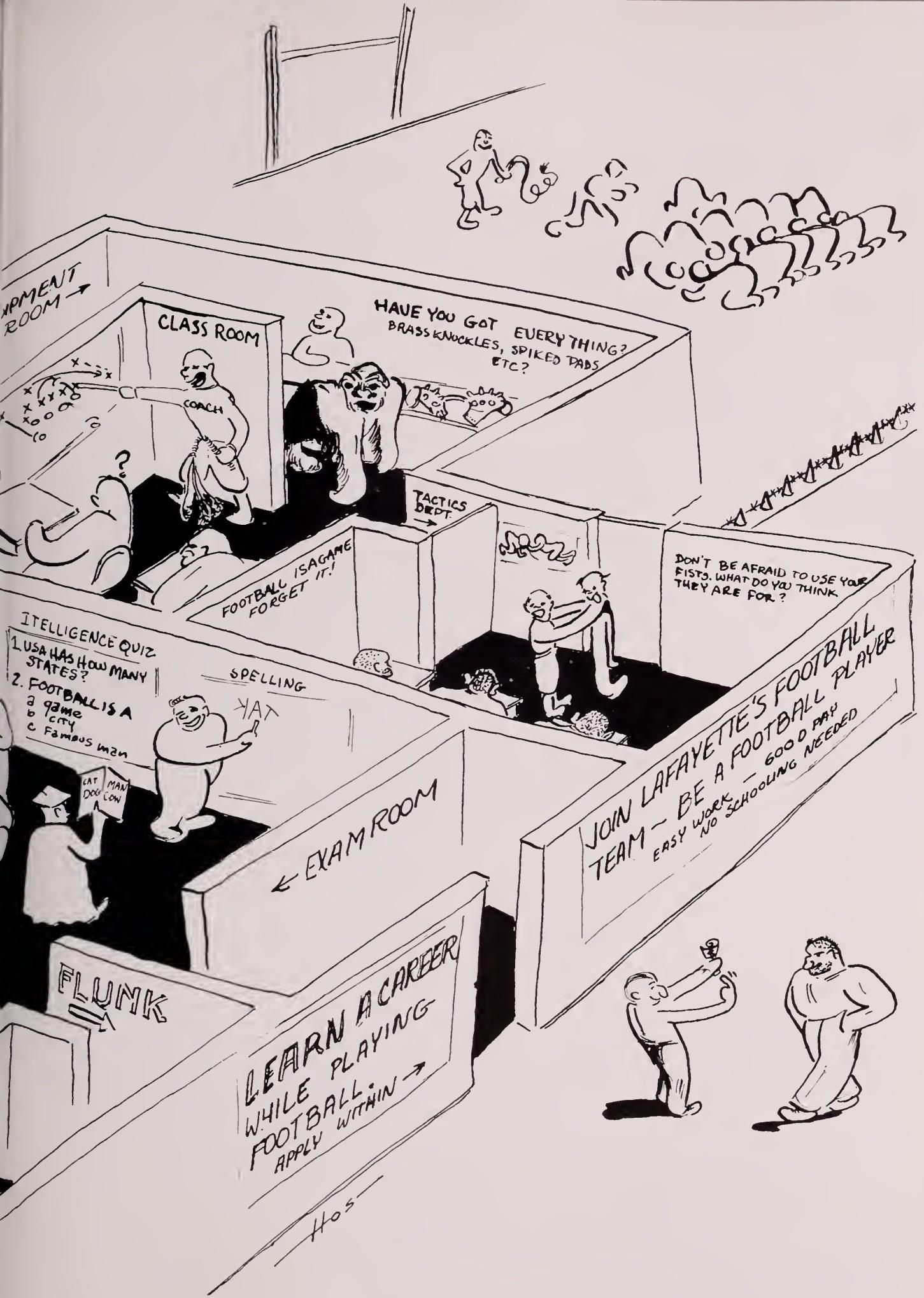
**H e a d cheerleader
McKenna does a swan
dive over the heads of
his assistants at the
Muhlenberg game.**



**Jan Savitt
beams for the
camera at the
Senior Ball.**







LEONIDES and THE LEOPARD

Jesse F. Beers, '42

• Fiction •

LIFE really began for Leonides when Lehigh-Lafayette weekend arrived. He was catapulted into fame during this traditional rivalry week-end. He had soaked up all the spirit of the week-end through listening to the exploits of years past. He was peculiarly effected by the excitement and informality of this week-end when anything could happen, and even freshmen might make the Brown and White if they did something clever.

He knew that painting the Marquis was illegal because no one wanted Grace Hall painted orange, so he racked his brain to think of a prize winning stunt for Taylor D to do at the Pep Rally. He thought of constructing privies that would blow up, chasing leopards around, and dressing boys as girls who would try to beat Lehigh. But it seemed someone had thought of that before. Leonides wanted desperately to present the section with the *Esquire* subscription. He could picture his glory. But no ideas came, and at the Pep Rally Taylor D had their freshman chased three leopards into a privy that then blew up and ejected in succession cards bearing Rah, Rah, Lehigh on them. They didn't win a prize.

Leonides was put on the two-till-four shift in the press booth of stadium Friday night. He was told to watch for invading Lafayette men by one senior and was told by another that he might as well go to sleep because nothing happened any more anyway.

Now a curious thing happened that evening. Leonides curled himself up before the center window of the press booth and watched while another freshman grumpily went to sleep with his portable radio playing beside him. Leonides could not sleep; he could picture Lafayette men creeping into the press booth, and capturing the other freshman and he. Leonides rose slowly and went to the door of the booth.

He stood on the railing of the steep stairs and reached for the roof ledge on the booth. He grasped it and hoisted himself onto the roof. He lay there for a few minutes and then dozed. An airplane came stealthily over the campus with a hook on the end of a long rope dangling from it.

Now Leonides wore pants that were a trifle large for him, and there occurred a large loop in the back of his pants where they gape from the belt. The hook of the plane neatly contacted this loop and bore him away through the night.

The plane was well over Easton when Leonides awoke to the curious sensation of being born through the air

by the seat of his pants. He looked below him and saw the campus of Lafayette. A group of students stood in the center of the green holding a large long poster which had a loop on the top of it. The plane circled and swept over the poster. Leonides grasped the loop and the sign rose into the air. The sign read: *Beat Lehigh*. Leonides hung onto the sign and speculated.

Packer Hall seemed to be the destination of the plane. The sign was swept toward the tower of Packer at an alarming rate when Leonides was hit with an idea. He climbed rapidly up the rope a distance and hoisted the sign with him. They passed the tower. He quickly slid to the end of the rope and gasped at another sign which already hung precariously over the brick wall atop of Packer. He soared through the air with a sign clutched in either hand. The pilot of the plane seemed to see the two signs hanging on the end of the rope for he circled dangerously about Packer for several minutes before he gave up and went back to Easton. His efforts to rehang the two signs were rendered futile by the agility of Leonides who shimmied up and down the rope until his head spun. He could barely hold onto the signs any longer, and he was sure his pants were ripping. They did rip over the Lafayette campus, but the campus was deserted, for the students had gone to Lehigh in cars to see their signs. They found no signs on Packer, but did discover a freshman sleeping in the press booth above the stadium. The Lafayette men in desperation painted the freshman red and left for home.

Meanwhile the astute Lehigh freshman was fastening the seat of his pants with a nail he had found near the spot where he had landed. Then he turned his attention to the two signs that lay near him. They were about eight feet long and six feet high. He wondered about changing the lettering and placing them about the campus, but he scarcely had time, for men were swarming over the green toward him. He crawled under the signs and waited.

Someone noticed him, and cried, "Urchin!" But Leonides begged them to take him with them to Bethlehem, since he was a Bethlehem citizen and had hitch-hiked his way to Easton for a movie and now wanted to go home. The students thought he was a lost urchin and took him along. Leonides rode on the rear tire of a '36 Ford to Bethlehem.

Once more at Packer Hall, the students cautiously threw ropes over the end of Packer's fire escape and hoisted a sign in position. Then the other was placed between Ike and Mike and Packard. The Lafayette men left. Leonides felt futile. Nevertheless, he felt the least

M & M MARKET

Fourth Street and
Brodhead Avenue

Stalls South Side
Market House

SUPPLIES FOR

Hotels Restaurants
Lunch Rooms Fraternities



"WOOPS!!"

L. A. (speaking to an inmate):
And who are you?

Nut—I'm Hitler.

L. A.—Who told you so?

Nut—God told me so.

From another cell—That's a lie.
I never said any such thing.

—Exchange

"Did you hear about the Scotsman
who died of apoplexy?"

"No."

"He was throwing pennies to the
kids from his window and the string
broke."

The hostess was talking to one of
her guests as the two sat on the lawn
listening to a chimes recital.

"Beautiful aren't they?" remarked
the hostess.

"Pardon?" inquired the guest.

"I say, they're beautiful, aren't
they?"

"I'm sorry," roared the guest, "but
I can't hear a word for those damn
chimes."

—Exchange



Popular Songs Illustrated . . . "My Prayer."

MORGANSTERN'S Esso Servicenter

Efficient
And
Expert
Attention
Cars called
For
And
Delivered
Car Washing and Polishing

Broadway and Wyandotte

Phone 6-9455

NORBETH DAIRY

Dairy Products of Distinction!

DEPENDABLE SERVICE

CERTIFIED

HOMOGENIZED

MILK

MILK

Phone 7-3251

"Didja see me come in that door?"

"Yes."

'Never shaw me before in your life, didja?"

"Nope."

"Then howja know it was me?"

—Jester

THE GIRL WHO . . .

from page 3

On the second floor I suddenly chanced upon a door. I realized that it must be the forbidden entrance to the hallowed tower, but it took me a full 20 seconds to absorb the fact that the door stood ajar. Don't ask me how it got that way. I'm just relating facts, not advancing any theories.

The door swung invitingly on its hinges and I caught a dry, musty odor of old dust, imprisoned for 70 years. I ventured in, realizing that this was a rare privilege. But believe me, I ventured. I wasn't in a hurry at all. The flickering lantern cast eerie shadows about on the old wood and stone. It was fascinating, weird, fantastic. The creeps were running up and down my spine like the ripples in a brook and my muscles were getting a lot of darned good exercise from trembling. I moved in slow steps, my knees knocking together like the pins on a bowling alley and my heart was thumping like one of Gene Krupa's tom-toms. If anyone had said "boo" in that darkness I would have jumped right out of my size twelves and Superman himself would have had a hard time flying fast enough to catch me.

As it was, my heart and my Adam's apple were fighting it out to see who would be top man, when the door slammed behind me. I knew it was locked without trying it, but I tried it anyway to make sure. After such a crushing blow as that I sat down for a moment to try to figure out what to do next. It took a great effort to try to force my bounding heart out of my throat so my Adam's apple could once more resume its normal position.

I just about had everything under control again when she spoke. All she said was "Hello," but my heart broke two ribs in front and one in back on the rebound. Then when I turned and saw her it jumped back up in my throat and tangled itself in my vocal chords so that all I could manage was a gurgled "Oh."

She laughed at my expressive speech, but her remark was in a serious vein. "You should be more careful about slamming doors. You interrupted my beauty sleep."

In my confusion I backed up against one of the shelves of old ledgers and assorted trash that line the walls of the first level of the tower and the next moment found myself in the midst of a jumbled confusion of papers and books, a veritable cloud of ancient dust ascending hurriedly into the upper reaches of the musty atmosphere. The lantern lay smashed and twisted in a corner, the flame snuffed out by the fall. She laughed quite merrily again and helped me to extricate myself from the jumble of dust and ledgers.

A faint lovely breath of perfume clung in an aura of fragrance about her and made me faintly dizzy with

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its hint of beauty and loveliness. Even through the dry dust of seven decades of Packer Hall dormancy that filled my nostrils I was strangely intoxicated by that fragrant wisp of enchantment.

I shook off some of the dust and part of the trance, blew my nose to clear out the dust and perfume, and began manfully the task of putting the books back in their places. She didn't offer to help, but stood back and laughed at my efforts to struggle through the mass of litter that my awkwardness had created.

"Come up on the next level," she soothed, "there's a wonderful place you can jump from."

The next level held nothing but the box of apparatus that rings the bell in the tower, but by this time I was puffing like a winded horse from the exertion of the stairs and she stopped a moment at the foot of the next flight to let me catch my breath. In the darkness she looked small but competent. The new moonlight filtering through the octagonal windows at the side of the tower added a ghostly blue light to the scene.

I managed a few stiff gulps of fresh air and felt a little renewed vigor in my limbs so when she led on up the next flight of stairs I followed, a bit hesitantly, I'll admit, for I didn't know what I might expect to encounter around the next corner. This little flight brought us out in the bell tower and she stopped there so that by a careful survey, peering over the top of the trapdoor, I knew that this was the end of our meanderings.

I was so much relieved to find no gang of cutthroat desperadoes awaiting me that I felt a bit foolish. I stepped gaily forth off the stairs. Too gaily, I discovered, for I tripped over the trapdoor cable and sprawled in an ungainly heap on the floor, sending up a cloud of dust like a Dust Bowl hurricane.

"Don't you like standing up?" she queried. But her voice was gentle, as one would speak to a dog which can't learn to be house-broken.

"Don't patronize me," I fumed. "If I want to fall down it's my own business."

I was immediately sorry I'd said that. She turned in a hurt manner, exposing her profile to the moon which had just fought its way from behind the clouds. The wind was blowing through her hair, tossing it like an angry mane, and her cheeks flamed in the moonlight. But anger merely added charm to her beauty. The saints be praised, I thought, that I should ever meet Lana Turner under circumstances such as these.

I raised myself to my elbows and in a voice that shook like an aspen in the wind I tremored: "You're beautiful."

She turned slowly about and in a voice that had an element of pleading in it she said: "Please don't say things like that."

page 22, please

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LEONIDES . . .

from page 16

he could do was change the lettering on the signs before day break. He repainted the signs to read Beat Lafyet! and then started to bed. He could think of nothing more clever. As he shuffled his way up to bed he heard the airplane returning. He ran into the green before Packer and watched for it. It seemed larger than before, and carried no lights. There was no rope hanging from it, but Leonides felt sure it would drop a rope if he signaled to it. He lit matches and waved them. He jumped about. The plane went out of sight. Then it returned trailing a rope ladder. Leonides signaled once more and ran to Packard. He clambered up to Ike and knocked down the sign. The plane circled around once more. He dragged the sign to the center of the green and lit a match. The plane sailed over him, the ladder brushed his head and he grabbed quickly. The sign and Leonides rose above the lights of Bethlehem and soared toward Easton.

The Lafayette campus was below him, when Leonides realized the plane had no intentions of stopping. So he dropped the sign on the roof of a house on the campus and resigned himself to his fate. Someone jiggled the ladder and Leonides lit a match. The ladder jiggled again, and Leonides lit another match. The plane circled about and returned to the Lafayette campus. The plane swung about the building on which the sign was laying. The pilot wanted him to retrieve the sign. Leonides dropped onto the roof of the building, and the plane roared away, trailing the rope ladder. But the ladder caught on the tower of a campus building, and Leonides could hear a distinct *rip* as a piece of the plane fell to earth with the ladder looping wildly below it. Leonides clambered down a fire escape and plodded homeward wearily.

Lehigh men were rather proud when they saw the large sign atop of Packer and they were even more elated when reports arrived that a similar sign was found atop the president's home on the Lafayette campus. But the real surprise came when G men hunted the campus for a rope ladder and later found it on the Lafayette campus where Leonides told them they would find it on the tower of the Chapel.

So Leonides spent the week pasting clippings in a large scrap book the University had given him, and looking at the enlargement of himself shaking hands with J. Edgar Hoover while a gang of vicious looking saboteurs cringed in the background. He was famous. His name was in newspapers all over the country in connection with the capture of three desperate villains who had crashed when their plane had the bottom torn out of it.

Prom Trotter: "I can't see why you stayed outside so long with such a splendid dancer as William."

Drag: "Well, he showed me some new steps and we sat on them."

●

Freshman—What do you mean by "slinging the bull?"

Sophomore—To sling the bull is to prevent the professor from realizing that you are saying nothing in a great many words.

Junior—To sling the bull is to say little in a great many words so as to give the impression that you are familiar with what the test is covering.

Senior—To sling the bull is to say as much as possible in well chosen words so as to convey the impression that you are familiar with the material under examination in spite of the fact that you have been unable to devote sufficient effort to study adequately an unduly difficult assignment.

J. M. '43

●

"Where in hell have I seen you before?"

"What part of hell are you from?"
—Texas Ranger

●

"What is your name, son?"
"Jule, sir."
"You shouldn't abbreviate. Your name is Julius. Next, what's your name?"

Seared pupil—Billious, sir.
—Tar An' Feathers

●

Pome
Morning
is a
hell of a time
to
get up

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"Little boy, why aren't you in school?"

"Hell, Lady, I ain't but three years old!"

—Exchange

●

A woman arriving in this country after a short jaunt to Europe came to the customs office on debarking from the steamer.

"Anything to declare Madame?" asked the official.

"No," she said, "not a thing."

"Quite positive?" insisted the official.

"Quite," she replied angrily.

"Then, Madame," quipped the official, "am I to understand that the fur tail hanging down under your coat is your own?"

—Rammer Jammer

*To the old and young grad
and*

To the patient under-grad

V

A pleasant week-end . . .

Joe Kinney's

THE GIRL WHO . . .

from page 19

I said incredulously, "most girls like that."

"Well, I'm different," and before I could answer she stepped around me and closed the trapdoor with a bang.

In the dust cloud that ensued I got a particle in my eye which hurt like the devil. Trying to pass it off unnoticed, I observed: "You certainly are."

The look she gave me try with renewed vigor to extricate the dust from my eye, to no avail. Finally in desperation I said: "Look, If you'll help me get this thing out of my eye I'll stop giving you the impression I'm winking at you."

She took me by the arm and led me into the moonlight. Taking the care of a surgeon she bent over me and expertly removed the offending particle from my eye. Her proximity set my battered heart to jumping again and I looked at her in grateful appreciation when I could open both of my eyes.

"Don't kiss me," she requested, stepping back in the shadows.

"I wasn't going to," I answered, incredulously again. "But what are you afraid of. I'm a very nice guy. I'm even good to my sister."

"It isn't that," she answered in a troubled voice. "But I'm afraid you wouldn't understand."

"Look," I said, feeling sorry for her—I'm a sucker for that sort of thing. "I'm a pretty understanding guy. Maybe it'll help to tell me your story. But first we should get acquainted. I'm Willie Smith."

"My name," she said slowly, "is Sue Clark." She hesitated a long moment while I waited as patiently as I could. "My name," she continued, "isn't unusual, but I am afraid my story is."

She paused again and took out a cigarette. I lit it for her and one of my own and settled back again to listen.

"Willie, it's fantastic," she began. "but you see, whenever someone tells me they love me, I disappear."

The startled movement I made shook my glasses off. They fell to the floor and broke. I didn't bother to pick them up.

"You're cuter that way," she said, smiling.

I thought then that I could see through the whole thing. She was joking. I laughed.

"You're crazy," I joked.

"No, I'm serious."

"About me being cute?"

"No, about the story. It's true."

"Look," I said, "this is a modern age, Sue. People don't believe in things like that any more. They just don't happen."

"It's happened to me thirty-three times," she answered defensively.

page 25, please

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PHILADELPHIA

There was once a young Frosh at
Lehigh
Who said, "For me, Chem E. 'til I
die",
A Physics exam
Found a change in this man
His course is now Business . . . and
rye.



He: "I'm thinking of asking some
girl to marry me. What do you think
of the idea?"

She: "It's a great idea, if you ask
me."

—Urchin



She: I'm on my way to the beach.

He: I hope you have a pleasant
trip.

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"Did you have to tell them a hundred times around is a mile?"

LOVE'S AFTERMATH

*Why do you smile
And stifle the urge to run
when you'd cut my throat
For a dime, my dear.
And I'd cut yours for fun?*

Society Matron: Have your ancestors ever been traced?

Guest: Traced! They've been finger-printed.

An author was always accusing a rival for plagiarism of his works. He finally found a way to stop him. He stopped writing for two years and his rival starved to death.

"You mean to tell me he just sat there all evening with his arms folded?"

"Yeah, but I was in them."

He found the racetrack closed. Out of force of habit, he took his money out and ripped it up.

FAMOUS INVENTIONS

Eyeglasses with vertical stripes for bank tellers so that they can recognize their clients when they meet them on the street.

Especially large ink bottles, exclusively for making capital letters.

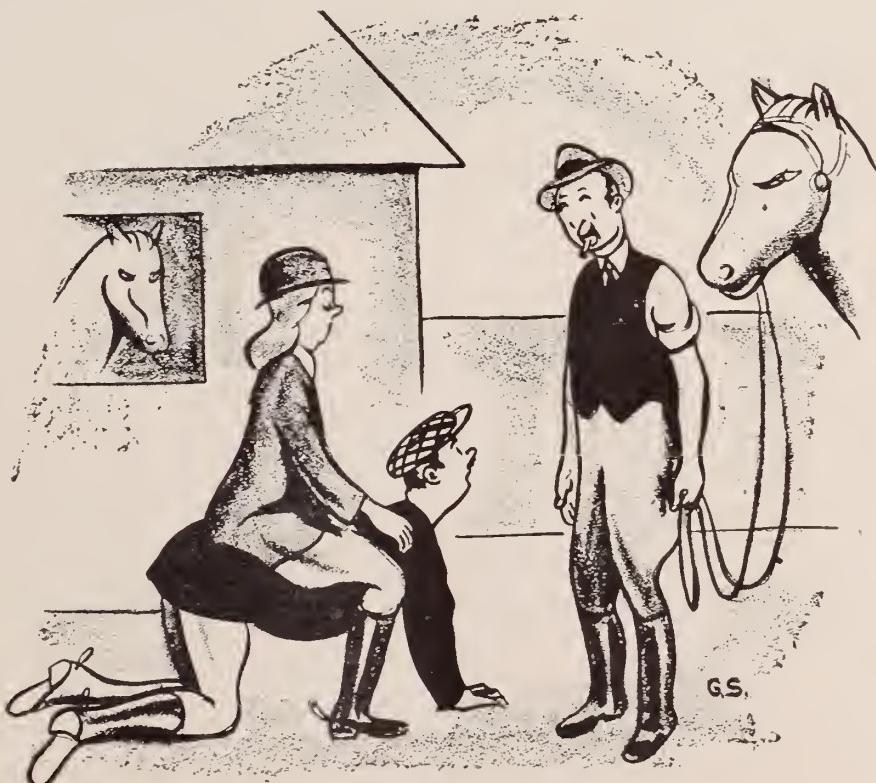
Ink with spaces already in it so you don't have to raise your pen from the paper.

A piano with the strings straight up in the air for people who prefer to play the harp.

Bent smoke for when your chimney gets bent, if you have a chimney and it ever gets bent.

The Bellago . . . a bell that rings ten minutes ago when you press the button. This is mostly for getting you to class before it begins.

An alarm clock with half a bell so that when two people are rooming together, it just wakes one of them.



"Miss Van Bushnicker likes to warm up a bit first!"



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P A T R O N I Z E O U R A D V E R T I S E R S

THE GIRL WHO . . .

from page 22

"Okay, when did it start?" I asked, thinking that this was a new angle to the old "Don't get familiar with me so soon" gag.

She looked at me unhappily for a moment, then began. "In high school. It was the night of the Senior Prom, and I had a date with the boy next door. He was, well, you know the type." I sighed understandingly and she went on. "On the way home he parked his car on a high hill overlooking the town and began the usual warm-up conversation. I tried to brush him off, but he was persistent and finally he took my hand and looked soulfully into my eyes. To myself I was praying, 'Oh, God, deliver me from this and send me home to my own safe little room.' The funniest part of it was that when he said, 'Sue, I love you,' there was a sudden blank space in my brain and I recovered to find myself safe in my room. I thought I was dreaming but when he asked me next day where I had disappeared to in such a hurry, I began to wonder if there wasn't some sort of a guardian angel looking after all good little girls."

I sighed an affirmative in a dejected tone and she continued. "I had sort of forgotten about it 'till the same situation arose again and the same thing happened. Then I began to think it was a good thing to have around. I made use of it at a Harvard dance and twice on a Princeton weekend. I don't think the boys ever got over the shock."

She paused to catch her breath. "And then I began to lose control of it. I started to disappear every time a boy told me he loved me, even if I didn't want to. And I began to end up, not where I wanted to go, but in places I had never heard of before. It was always in strange old buildings like this, that are supposed to be haunted by ghosts."

She shivered slightly. "At first I was frightened but I've gotten over that. At times everything was normal and I lived just like any other girl. But, unfortunately, I happen to look something like Lana Turner, the movie star. And I have heard 'I love you' so many times recently that the last year has been practically a continuous journey from one old building to another."

She sighed unhappily. "At times it gets awfully boring and lonely. That's why I shut the trapdoor. So you would stay and talk to me."

I sat a little stunned for several moments. The whole thing sounded so fantastic. I looked for assurance at the familiar background. Behind her in the distance ears streamed across the Hill-to-Hill bridge and the lights of Bethlehem winked along the river and back to the hills. Behind me the lights of the fraternity houses on South Mountain were a blurr through the trees and

page 26, please

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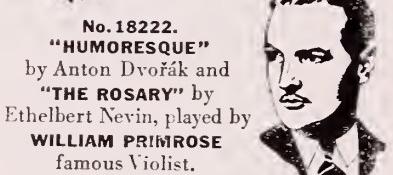
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THE GIRL WHO . . .

from page 25

the familiar campus lay serene in the moonlight. The wind sighed through the wire mesh around the open sides of the tower and the bell swung slightly in its place behind me.

She watched my face in the now-bright moonlight for a moment. "You don't believe me."

"But it's all so fantastic. This is a modern age. Things like that just don't happen." This repetition was silly, but what would you have said?

The lights of the cars on the bridge substantiated my statement. A stratosphere transport winked its red and green lights high overhead as its motors throbbed on into the night. Bethlehem Steel belched forth its smoke into the sky as the guns and armor plate of national defense drooled out. Here was modernity in all of its glaring complexities.

And yet the atmosphere of the old tower belied the facts. Here might well be a meeting place of hobgoblins and werewolves and the ghosts of the distant past. Who knew but what the ghosts of the Moravian brothers who settled this valley met regularly on Wednesday or Friday nights to discuss and frown upon the changes modernity had made upon their little town which once slept so blissfully on the banks of the Lehigh. Who knew but here they met to quaff their beer and sing in ghostly voices of the Bethlehem they knew before they passed into the realm of the Great Beyond. The moaning of the wind through the tower lent credence to this belief.

Thoroughly chilled at the thought, I moved closer to Sue, and lighting a cigarette with an air of nonchalance I passed the question off by humming, "Is It True" in my doleful baritone.

She tossed her head with an angry gesture and her beautiful hair flew around her face like a ship's flag summoning its men to their battle stations. She looked so enticing, I'm afraid I made a pass at her.

Infuriated at my apparently intentions, she picked up my remaining volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica and with Bob Feller accuracy hurled it.

I struggled up through the maze of flashing lights in my brain and regained my feet just in time to meet a beautiful little right hook aimed unerringly at my left eye. I staggered back a little, then motivated purely in the interest of self-protection, I encircled her in a bear-hug, pinning her arms to her sides. She struggled for an instant and finding it ineffectual, she gasped for breath a couple of times to regain her strength and began to cry on my shoulder.

Why God made men such helpless fools for women's tears I'll never know. But I am one of these guys upon

whom they have a completely demoralizing effect. Suddenly I began to feel awfully sorry for her. Helpless on the horns of such a dilemma I lifted her head from my shoulder and kissed her. The tears stopped for a moment in surprise, then started again with renewed vigor.

This initial endeavor met with great enthusiasm at least on the part of one of us—me. It took me practically no time at all to reach the by no means startling decision to do it again. I did. I should have known better, but under the circumstances who in the hell would have?

The kiss this time was too completely successful. I forgot where I was. My heart skipped four beats, then started with such a bang that the bell echoed it for a full minute. Helplessly I swam in a mire of voluptuous bewilderment and conflicting emotions.

Caught in this delightful spell, I didn't realize until too late that I was saying the words for which I should have been shot. "Sue," I whispered, "don't cry. Please, for God's sake don't cry. Sue, I love you."

In an instant it happened. Where only a moment before I had held a girl who could have been more dangerous than a floating mine in the path of shipping there was nothing but a lazily floating wisp of smoke.

I felt like the Lusitania must have when the torpedo struck. Still numbed by the high voltage impact of her presence, I moved like a fool in a dream. I slumped down on the floor and closed my eyes.

I must have remained frozen in that sprawled position for hours. When I looked at my watch it was five o'clock. How long she had been with me I don't know. How long since she had gone I don't know. The fact remains that it was five o'clock.

Shakily I stood up, not trusting my coordination. I rubbed my eyes and glanced at the grayness of the early dawn with concern, then shook my head to clear some of the clouds from my brain. They splashed like raindrops on the concrete floor.

Gradually my senses partly returned. Enough to remind me that I had to think of getting down out of the tower.

I whisked up my battered volume of the E. B. and thrust it under my arm, lifted the trapdoor and paused for just a moment to look around. If ever anyone left without a trace it was Sue. I shook my head in disbelief and stared down the stairs.

Arriving at the bell mechanism I frantically pulled every string and lever that swam within my vision. The old bell shook off the collected conservatism of its 75 years and rang with radical abandon.

When the janitor frantically came to investigate this rank disturbance of his appointed routine he paused for a moment in astonishment when he saw me, then his

page 28, please

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THE GIRL WHO . . .

from page 27

mouth twisted into a wry grin. "Look, bud," he said. "would ya mind tellin' me how in the hell you got that lipstick on yer mouth?"

They tell me Professor Jenkins has called off the annual visit of his Psych class to the Allentown asylum. He's keeping them here to study a much more unusual case. In his files he has a card which reads: Willie Smith. Most unusual subject. No recognized type. Just plain crazy.

If my left eye hadn't been closed for four days and wasn't still a little blue, I'd believe him myself.



"I said sparkplug of the team, not fireplug."

Bricker's

B R E A D

Atta Boy

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway)—Do you speak to strangers on the street?

Sweet Little Dove—Oh, no.

Slightly Inebriated—Well, then, shut up!

—*Exchange*

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"I shall miss you when you are on your hunting trip, dear," said the young wife affectionately, "and I shall pray that the other hunters do the same."

—*Exchange*

Engineer—And poor Harry was killed by a revolving crane.

Englishwoman—My word! What fierce birds you have in America!

—*Sweet Brier Brambler*

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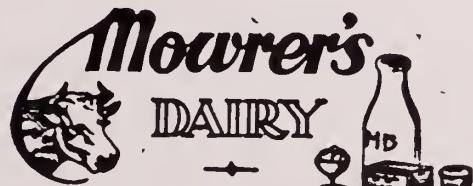
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